

Burping Frog Publishing



# *Confessions of a Size Queen*

*an erotic novel by*

**Veronica Divine**

# Chapter 1

## The One That Made And Broke Me

It started out as one of the worst dates I'd ever had. He was good looking enough, to be sure ... tall, blonde, and decent muscles showed through the nice suit.

And he had money. Designer sunglasses hid his emerald eyes while he drove, and when he laid them down; it was on the dash of a beautiful blue Ferrari convertible.

But his arrogance was overwhelming.

"Order whatever you want, babe," he said as he offered me the menu, then added, "I can afford anything, especially when I'm about to bag a hottie like you."

About to bag me!

"Salad's fine, thanks," I said when the waiter came by. I didn't want anything heavy on my stomach when I dumped this creep. It was surprising we made it through the meal at all, since the conversation was all one-track.

"So, those are some nice tits, toots. How big are we talking here? DD's? E's? Bigger?"

"Wouldn't you like to know," I said, trying to make the glacial quality of my voice apparent.

He stretched, settling into his seat.

"Well, I guess I'll be finding out soon enough," he reasoned.

I decided to let him have it.

"This is our first date! What makes you so sure!? You haven't talked to me at all, you haven't shown interest in me as a person, and you're obviously so full of yourself, you're about to explode

with hot air!”

I let it sink in.

He didn't bat an eye, and even smiled.

“Oh I'm totally sure, babe. And of course I'm not interested in you as a person ... nice hips like that, nice legs, and those melons! Christ, we're lucky I'm not tipping the table!”

“What did you say!?” I gasped.

“Let me drive you home,” he smiled, standing.

On the way home, he pulled over; the quiet stretch of road to my house had few travelers this late, and lots of stars.

“Oh, so NOW you're going to try to start romancing me, huh?” I huffed.

“Romance this, bitch!” he sneered, and suddenly raised his hips to lower his pants.

“I-”

I stopped.

I stared.

My pulse fluttered.

My mouth watered, and it wasn't all that was moistening.

A sudden hunger was awoken in me I didn't know I had.

“Oh my God,” I barely whispered.

It looked as thick as sturdy chair leg, and it was at least ten inches long to where was cascading over the massive balls, and it was hanging down his right thigh.

Hanging because it was still soft!

“I've never se-”

“Seen one so big?” he interrupted me. “Of course you haven't. I'm the most man you will ever meet, and don't you fucking forget it.”

“Is it-”

“Real? Of course it's fucking real. You'll feel that soon enough.”

“I muh-uh-”

“How about you stop putting your foot in your mouth, busty, and you put this in it instead?”

He was still an arrogant prick, but somehow wasn't the prick I cared about anymore.

I leaned my head in for a closer look, and was struck by the pungent, masculine scent emanating from him. Clean, strong, and capable of crushing my thoughts by filling my nostrils with lust.

I took a moment to marvel at the balls. They had the texture and shape of a pair of tan Brazil nuts, but they were much larger. Each was easily the size of a ripe mango, and they looked heavy and full enough - resting on those nicely muscled smooth thighs - to burst forth with sweet juice.

I lowered my head, chin resting on his leg, and stuck out my tongue. The musky taste was divine as I lifted a single massive nut onto my tongue, lapping at it slowly and firmly, running my taste buds around the rough circumference.

As I reached the top the big ball plopped back down.

Then I was hooked, addicted, and in a frenzy.

My hands hefted his heavy sack and each cradled a single tremendous ball, squeezing gently and firm, pumping them a little up and down as my tongue went on the attack. I licked and lapped and sucked and slurped, slowly getting the confidence to pop as much as one hemisphere of a seed slinger between my big soft lips.

I'm proud of my lips ... they're fuller than any other woman's I've ever seen, and perfect for placing gentle, puckering kisses anywhere I want. Soon his gargantuan, bloated baby-juice bags were covered in my saliva and effort, gleaming from the effect.

Then IT started to rise ...

It was barely turgid as it slapped into my face, and then rubbed along my cheek on its upward path, my eyes following it with wonder. The humongous pillar of man-flesh writhed a little as it stiffened into place, towering above me; a long, long shadow was now cast along my head.

Inch after inch it swelled and grew, each moment lending it a little more rigidity, the flared head bulging threateningly, the thick stalk pumping out to what appeared to be the thickness of

a liter-bottle to my dazed eyes.

Slowly I lifted my head, taking in the long journey to the top with my eyes, stopping poised just above the cum-slit. The hole was pinky-thick, and set in the middle of a beautiful double-shot-glass sized head, acorn shaped and velvet purple.

“Worship my cock,” he commanded.

And I did, taking a long pilgrimage from the head back down to his balls, placing little lapping licks along the way. My tongue was shy and demure at first, the awesome, dwarfing size of his rod being more than a little intimidating, but grew impatient to cover more ground.

I cradled his fat balls in the palms of my hands and gave them a last loving kiss, and then started to spiral back up his cock, making sure to cover every part of it with my swabbing tongue.

By the time I had reached top, it was burbling over and spouting out streaming gouts of thick, virile precum.

I darted out my tongue and tasted a little. Rolling my eyes back into my head I savored the rich flavor. His man-cream was so dense, I could feel each drop sliding all the way down my throat towards my cum-hungry stomach.

I wanted more.

I savaged the head of his cock with my mouth, licking and slurping all over, spreading a thick mass of precum and lusty saliva around it, heavy white drops sliding down the sides. I made out with his cum slit, dipping my tongue in, and letting my poofy lips embrace all the rest, not ceasing in their quest to stimulate the massive cock-top.

When I broke from the sloppy kiss, a score of tendrils connected my lips to his giant obelisk. Rather than letting them break, I whipped out my tongue and snapped up each little cum-cable, relishing the result.

The time had come to finish the job. I reluctantly released his heavy nutsac, and wrapped both of my hands around the shaft. I placed them at least a wrist-length apart, and still plenty of cock emerged from both ends. I was looking at perhaps eight inches still exposed at the top of my higher hand. This was gonna take

a little work.

I began to pump. I jerked, jacked, and beat off this monster, and brought my head low to lap heavily at the head.

He groaned, his voice holding more power now, "Suck on it, slut!"

I pulled back and stared at the head. Now fully hard it looked almost as big and red as a fresh apple, no way I could fit it in my mouth.

But he reached down under my chin, and cupping my face in his long fingers, he tilted my head up and looked me in the face, his expression cold and serious.

"Suck on it," he said calmly.

Well, I opened my mouth, and pressed it to the cockhead. I swabbed my tongue on it and caught a juicy dollop of precum. The taste inspired me, and I did something I didn't know I could. My mouth stretched to take him in, my big lips pushing in on themselves to make way for the huge ram entering.

My cheeks burned as they hollowed around the big club in suction, my lips stretched and my jaw aching. I slid down inch after inch of massive shaft, until I had a good five inches in, the colossal head blocking my throat.

I held like this only a moment to let myself get used to it, and then I started to bob my head.

I sucked his cock like I was trying to melt a polar icicle with my mouth.

I sucked his cock like I was trying to swallow the top end of a baseball bat.

I sucked his cock like a nostalgic porn starlet showing off her moves. I tried hard to choke myself on the fat prick, mews of pleasure escaping my mouth as I glided up and down the thick meat.

It wasn't long before my hands were back in the action, pulling on the dangerous dong for all they were worth.

I pumped, bobbed, jacked, sucked, slurped and moaned on that dick until I saw those massive balls shift as they tightened a little.

Frankly I was a little panicked. I could feel that first blast of sperm as it traveled the long way up his shaft with my hands and lips. What suddenly burst from the end was like nothing I could imagine.

Firstly his sperm was hot. Not the normal lukewarm love-juice, but almost steaming as it basted my tonsils.

Secondly, there was a lot of it. I thought he was on his third shot when that first quart of ball batter subsided, and the second shot was even bigger. Of course I took that one on the face since I'd choked and pulled back on the first shot, cum bubbled out from my lips, sliding down the titanic tool in a thick sheet.

While I was sputtering and coughing with shock, his cannon erupted in another volley, hitting me dead on the nose.

Cum splashed across my right cheek and up just around my eye.

It pasted the underside of my black bangs in white.

It dripped above my mouth in a thick man-milk mustache.

It spilled from my face onto my tits, little dollops on the right and a veritable puddle on the left.

Not wanting to waste any more, I pressed my lips back onto his head, this time getting my tongue ready for the catch, and pumped his handle hard.

I wanted every drop.

The torrent I got in my mouth was delicious, though a little like trying to eat a whole can of whip-cream in less than five seconds. My tongue was coated in succulent sperm, the rich flavor overwhelming me. Three quick gulps and it was down, just in time to meet the fourth shot.

I chugged, my throat working non-stop to deposit the reservoir of jizz into my stomach, but I still couldn't keep up.

Juice exploded from my mouth as it filled, my big lips now smothered in dripping fluid. I made pouty noises of protest as more and more delicious cum escaped, using my jacking hands to slide some back up for me later.

By the time the twelfth and final shot has been fired, there was a river of thick seed flowing from my chin, down my neck, and

pooling in my cleavage. I pulled back with a hiccup and stared at the tremendous prong, still not believing it.

He gave his huge tool a single jack, I noticed not even his long fingers met around it, and gave me the once over, chuckling a little.

“Ready for the main course?” he asked.

I hiccupped again in response.

\* \* \* \*

I’d like to say I wasn’t scared, but I was looking at the most lengthiest, (yes it was big enough to deserve a double positive!) thickest, snake I had ever seen on a man, and I was about to try putting it in my average-sized pussy.

The cock was now glistening with the aftermath of a cumshower that could have washed down an elephant and still had enough left over for two horny cumsluts afterwards.

Of course another portion was in my stomach, and I could fairly feel it sloshing around, tasty and thick.

I reached up under my skirt, and pulled my now dripping panties down my legs.

He gave an evil leer, “Pardon me miss, you seem to be leaking.”

I blushed deep as he shifted the seat back to give me more room.

I straddled his hips and poised my pussy over the pillar, readying myself for anything.

I lowered ...

Lowered ...

And then my pussy lips were on the tip, spreading slowly to allow him to enter. By the time I was halfway down just the head of the thing, they were a little sore.

With a grunt, I shifted my hips and had the whole head in me. I froze a moment, my canal pulsing swiftly, stretching and accommodating him.

As I slid down slower, I was glad I had so much lubricant pouring from me.

I couldn't lie to myself any longer ... the lube had been pouring since even the restaurant. This was a man who carried himself like the huge bulge in his pants didn't lie, and it was primal in how it aroused me like nothing ever could.

I slid inch after inch, sensitive nerve-endings grating on thick tool, shocks ripping through my body.

I was biting my lip and whimpering faintly by the time I bottomed out. Then I looked down and realized that despite having what might have been as much as nine inches of monstrous man-meat in me, there was still half of it sticking out.

I gave a gasp and went faint on his shoulders.

He chuckled and grabbed my hips. Then I was rising, the flanged cock-head arousing every inch of pussy that it passed on the way up.

His corded muscles bulged a little as he lifted me, but it was obvious I was nothing to him in terms of effort. Soon the cockhead was all that was left in me, and I arched my back with lust. The void suddenly left in my pussy longed to be filled, stuffed, crammed full of this cock.

I shifted in his grip, tossing my head from side to side, my pumpkin-sized orbs jiggling just above his head.

He grinned.

"You want more?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes you bull-hung bastard, FUCK ME!" I didn't know I could talk that way!

Then he dropped me. My eyes shot wide as nine inches was in me in a heart beat, his hands catching me just as his cock tapped my innermost wall.

My cunt spasmed once as though trying to divine what had happened, and then I came and came hard.

I tossed my head back, a red flush spreading from my face to my neck to my tits, a lightning shot spreading from my legs through my body.

Then he was fucking me.

He held me slightly aloft, gliding his length into me again and again, his cock ruthlessly savaging my cunt with punishing

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